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THE
GENII OF LURAY.

A Spectacular Burlesque.

TRULY DEPICTING THE
RECENT WONDERFUL SEVEN MILE
CAVERN DISCOVERIES,
—AT—
34 LURAY, VA.

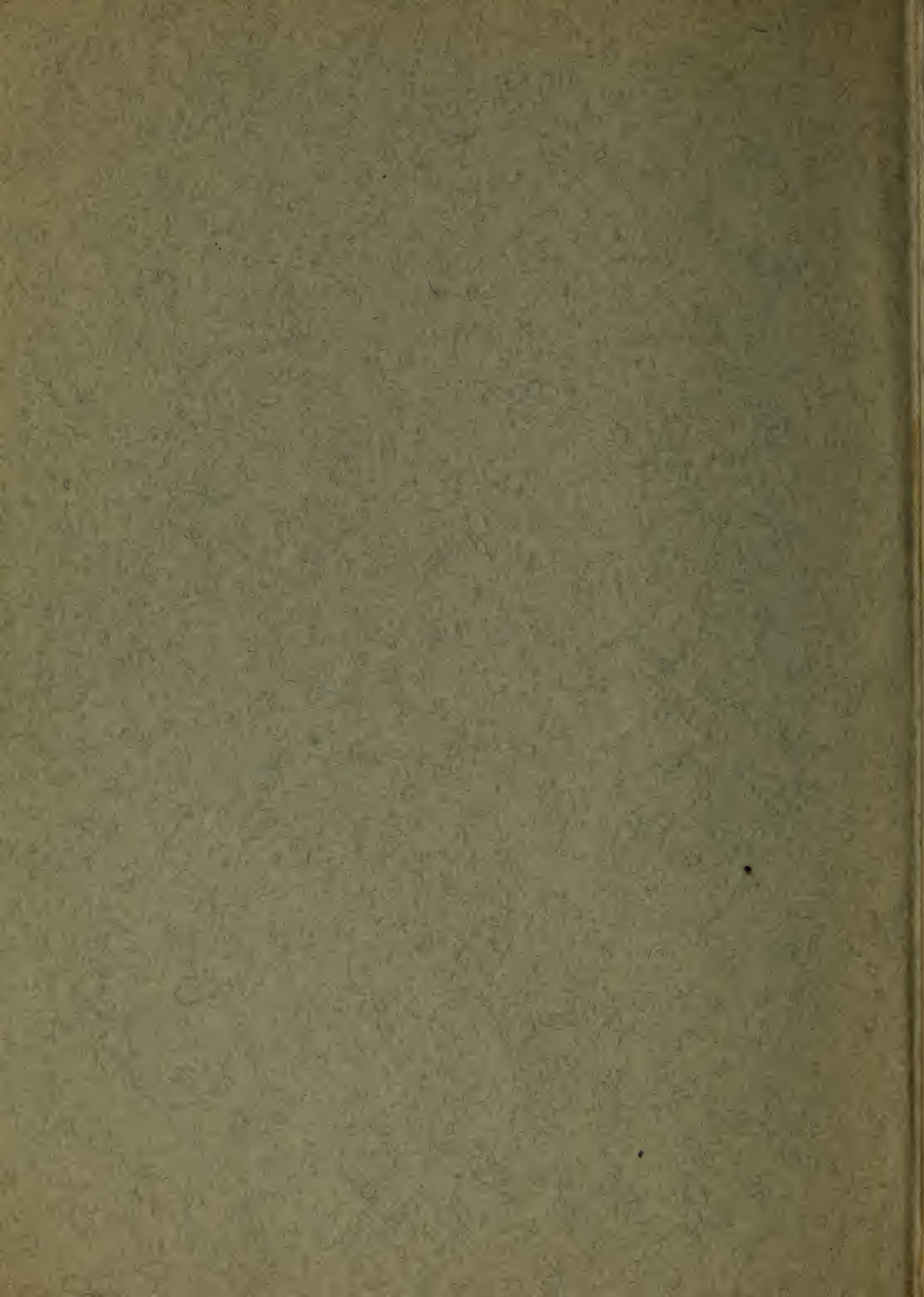
Introducing numerous Genii, Gnomes, Sprites and
Fairies. Interspersed with Spicy Dialogue,
Songs, Dances, Marches, Visions,
Spectres, &c., &c.

—BY—
ROBERT L. WEED,

NEW YORK CITY.

1881





PS 635
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NIMROD, a Hunter, Noble and Refined.

BUCKSKIN, a Hunter, Rough and Illiterate.

KENI, an Eccentric Genii.

HANS, a Dutch Gnome, full of fun.

SALTY, a Subterranean Sailor.

MIKE MALLOY, an Explorer.

SETH, a Downeaster, on his Travels.

SAM, a Gentleman from Africa.

NEMO, a Sprite, always busy and full of Music.

COUNT DE BUSKIN, an Actor, shabby, genteel, Teacher of the Dramatic Art.

TOM, an English Thief.

DICK, Tom's Pal.

—o—

CHRYSTAL, Favorite of the Stalactic Realms.

VISION, Cause of Visions, good and bad.

VIOLA, Chrystal's Companion.

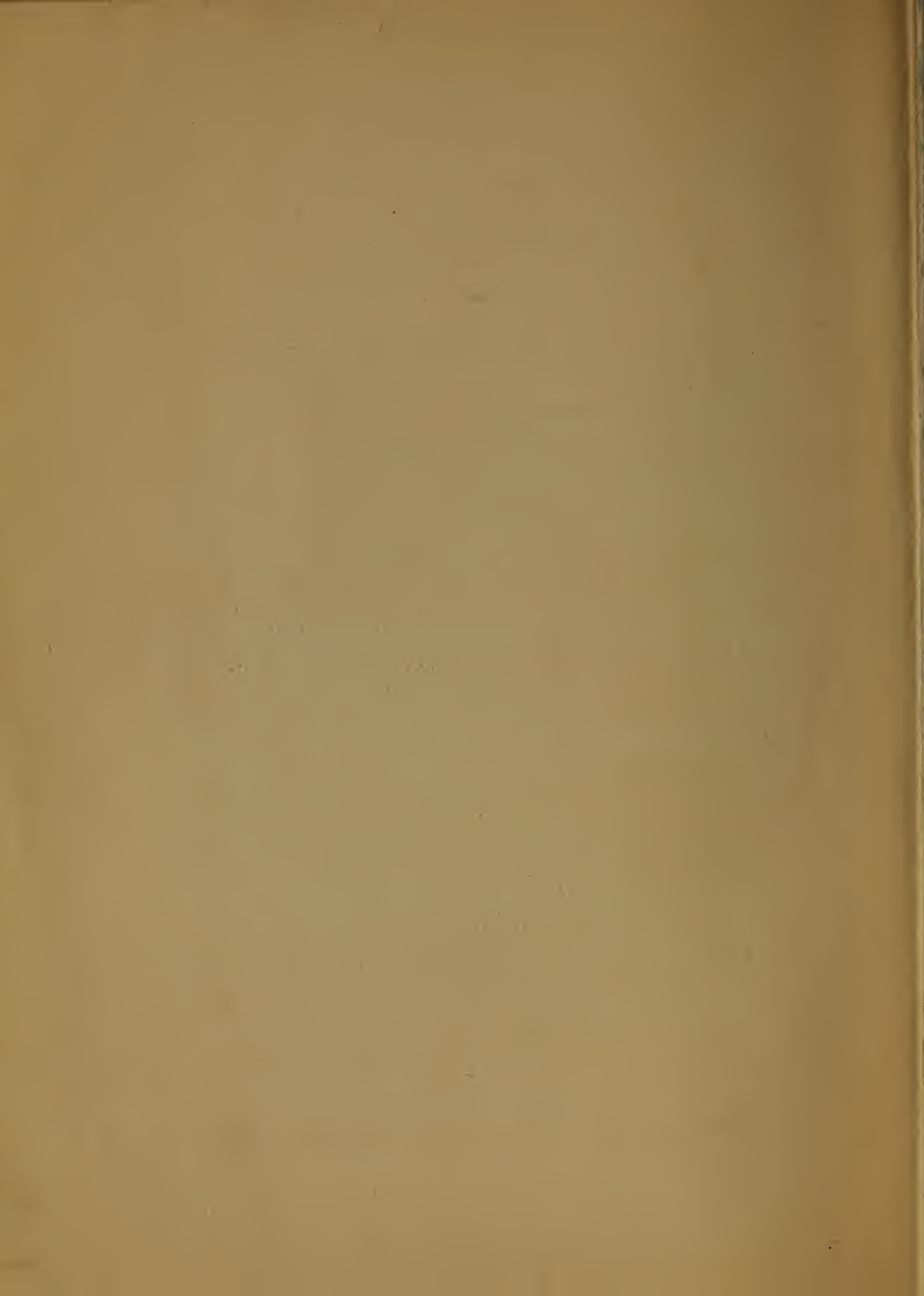
BIDDY MALLOY, Pat's Exploring Consort.

COLUMBIA, not a Myth.

STELLA, a stolen child.

—

GNOMES, FAIRIES, SPRITES, ETC.



THE GENII OF LURAY.

SCENE I.

(SCENE. Village of Luray in Distance. Rock Fore-ground painted on flats, with set rock attached to flat to go off with flat, cavity behind set rock.)

(Enter—Nimrod and Buckskin, both dressed in Kentucky hunter's buckskin suits. Both halt and rest on their guns. Nimrod looking toward Luray.)

NIM.—Ah, well, my dear little Luray, you never looked more picturesque to me than you do this morning. The bright sun shining on your dew-clad sides makes you look glorious, indeed, and your neat little cottages look like so many chickens nestling in the lap of some good matron.

BUCK.—O come, no hifalutin talk this mornin', let's to business. Where did that air rabbit go to, that's what I want to know. Talkin' about dew-sides, chickens, and all that. Let's talk rabbit, where did he go?

NIM.—I saw him disappear just about here. O, I see, here's where he went, let's go in after him, he can't go much farther any how.

(Both go in cavity in rock and disappear. Flat draws off.)

SCENE II.

(SCENE. Gloomy cavern. Nimrod and Buckskin discovered.)

NIM.—Well, well, here's room enough for all the rabbits in creation.

BUCK—Yes and all the foxes, the bulls and the bears

[Genii singing off stage. Macbeth music.]

KENI—Who said the foxes, who said the foxes, who said the foxes, the bulls and the bears?

[Voices off the stage—the bears, the bears, the bears.]

NIM.—Well, well, that's the queerest echo I ever heard.

BUCK—Well, where on earth or in earth are we anyhow [looking around.]

KENI—You are in my mystic spheres,
Where I have ruled for many years—
Now, time's elapsed and I may show
My world of beauty here below.
I'll now appear [Keni appears] to my first guest,
And say, young men, stay here and don't go West.
See all I'll show, hear what we say,
But, when you depart, don't give it away.
Here we have fairies, gnomes and sprites.
To see them, Talmage would come from Brooklyn Heights,

[Keni approaching Nim and Buck, taking them by the hand.]

KENI—I'll now say, gloom avaunt, quick disappear,
I'll entertain my first guests here—
Your fancies now I will entrance
And show you how our fairies dance.

SCENE III.

(SCENE. Beautiful grotto comes on. Fairies, Gnomes,
etc., enter centre. Buck mingles with them,
Hottentot music.)

SONG—ALL SING.

We are fairies, bright and gay. fairies, fairies, fairies,
Bright and gay. And our home, it is Luray.
Here's where we dance and sing—
Right foot, left foot, so we do,
But this is not the tra, la la lu,
Nor is it the best that we can do,
O, no, no.

For we are fairies, bright and gay
Fairies, fairies, fairies, bright and gay,
And here we pass the time away,
And merrily dance and sing,
Right foot, left foot, so we do,
But this is not the tra, la la lu,
Nor is it the best that we can do, oh, no, no.

[All dance off, Buck with them and as jolly as any of
them. Nim and Keni remain.]

KENI TO NIM—Mortals say, in their tradition,
That we are myths, without condition,
But we are real and natural, too,
And have our mission, our work to do.
We influence mortals in their life's career,
'Twas I that drew the rabbit here—

I knew you'd follow; it was the way
Through you the world should know Luray,
With your discovery—I'll now blow this whistle
And summon our favorite fairy, Chrystal.

[BLOWS WHISTLE.]

Enter Chrystal.

CHRYSTAL—Who summons Chrystal?

KENI—'Twas I, Keni, with eye so keen,
I've found in this mortal a friend, I ween,
So pray with him now be acquainted

[Nim and Chrystal bow.]

He's full of nerve, he never fainted.

NIM [sing to CHRYSTAL]—
Young lady, please allow my happy greeting,
These caverns your beauty cannot mar;
I thank a little rabbit for this meeting
In your cavern home, my beauty that you are.

HE—In your cavern home, my beauty, that you are.

SHE—In my cavern home of beauty now you are.

[Sing or speak.]

CHRYSTAL—Thanks, thanks, my noble friend, tho'
a stranger,
I'll guide thy footsteps through our domain,
Be calm and I will shield thee from all danger
'Till your footsteps tread the upper earth again.

NIM—Pray, my little Chrystal, queen of the fair,
Tell me of your habitants, are they of air,
Or spirits that time into mortals will mold
With avarice continually grasping for gold?

CHRY.S.—All nature is working as wisely designed,
Man's wisdom's so shallow—it can scarce be defined,
To impart our secrets, we are not yet allowed,
But here we have counterparts of your earthly crowd.
I will call on a cavern in which I will show
Many departed and in life those we know.

[CHRY.S. waves wand—Scene picture gallery comes on]

SCENE IV.

(SCENE. Picture Gallery.)

CHR to NIM—Now, Nimrod, call on woman or man,
And I will speak for them the best I can.

NIM—First, please, show me some native of Virginia's State.

CHRY.S—I will and one that was good and great,
Washington, the Nation's Father. Virginia's son,
Who honor all o'er the world has won,
Whose spirit will shine with lustre bright,
While Time does last and there's day and night.

[Show picture of Washington.]

NIM—Please show me some woman of renown.

CHRY.S—Yes, here's Victoria, a Nation's Queen.
Who is now and has always been
To her subjects ever true and kind,
Among sovereigns her equal you cannot find.

NIM—I see you are posted on the world above
And know whom to hate and whom to love.

CHRY—Yes, we try to love, hate we disdain,
Love reigns supreme in our domain.

NIM—Please let me see some favored few,
Then I'll not farther trouble you.

[Show several pictures such as may be selected to
suit the times and comment on them.]

NIM—Chrystal, allow me to thank you for your kind
attention, and believe me, what I have seen, outside,
I will not mention.

CHRY—I could still call on many more,
But our time is up, this scene is oe'r.
I will call on a cavern as we depart
Where each gnome, sprite and fairy will do their part.

[Chrystal waves wand and both exit.—L. H.]

SCENE V.

(SCENE. Chrystal Lake Grotto. Phantom Navy.)

(ENTER all kinds of grotesque characters, gnomes,
genii, sprites, etc., singing, cutting all sorts of
antics, very noisy.)

[Gnomes' song—air, Isle of Blackwell.]

This is the spot for a jolly, good lark,
Here's a dome for the bat, and a lake for the shark.
A smooth place to dance, so we'll hoe it right down,
No distinction to color, whether red, black or brown.

So hop it, or jump it or go as you please,
You may lay down and roll, or crawl on your knees,
Then we will depart to our mystic dell,
And what we do there, O we never will tell.

A jolly, good time we'll all have here, to-night.
Have fun in abundance but nary a fight,
For Chrystal and Keni like nothing but mirth.
And a rumpus would send us all back to the earth.

So hop it, or jump it, or go as you please,
You may lay down and roll or crawl on your knees,
Then we will depart to our mystic dell,
And what we do there, O we never will tell.

Enter HANS—Halt, I say—I dinks you must all feel
puty good this evening—I dink someone hos been in-
troducing some Jersey danglefoot or someting of de
kind—ven de vater fun dese gaverns don't be strong
enough for you, just say de word unt I fills you all
up mid lager dot don't make kwite so much noise as
dot danglefoot—vare is dot Nimel Rod? Nimel Rod
come out here.

NIM—Here I am, your Highness. I was just in the
adjacent cavern, admiring its splendor.

HANS—You call me highness. ha—how high I was?
You call me shanghai, aint it. I dinks you was get-
ting too fresh. You come down here to ketch rabbits.
aint it.

NIM—I did a rabbit here pursue,
And have tarried rather long, I'll admit 'tis true,
But, with your permission, I'll soon depart—
Although in your caverns I'll leave my heart.

HANS—Why you dont take your heart along? Hay.

NIM—Because, a fair one here I've met,
Whose charming beauty I can ne'er forget,
Go where I may, do what I will,
Her charms will follow and haunt me still.

HANS—So, I dinks you wash gone on her. Told me
who dot wash, unt I will bring her here, if I have to

call on the whole army of the United States, and the navy, too.

NIM—The army, you might call—but the navy?

HANS—Yah, de navy. Maybe you don't dink we got him here—DEAD BEAT, blow de horn und call up de fleet.

[Dead Beat blows horn and fleet appears. On the principle of Phantom Ship in Flying Dutchman]

Nimelrods, vot you dinks of dot, hay? I told you we had em—[pointing to fleet.] Now, Saltey—he told you all about dot fleet.

[Saltey sings, all dance around and sing. Chorus.]

[Saltey's Song.]

Now just look at our navy, 'tis the pride of the sea,
As it floats so majestic with the flag of the free.
It's a home for a rover, it takes him afar.
And it makes a land lubber a jolly good tar,
He can glide o'er the billow when the lightning does
All he wants is his grog, tobacco and hash. [flash,

He's as happy as a lord, the living day long,
Always ready to dance or to sing you a song.

[Chorus last two lines.]

Yes, this is our navy, 'tis but a hundred years old,
And will compare with all other whose age is fourfold
Paul Jones with his Richard, the rattlesnake ship,
Was the first of our navy and scored the first whip.
Yes, the Bon Homme Richard, with her gallant crew
Was the first representative of the red, white and blue

Ever since that time we've been getting along,
Our tars always ready to dance or sing you a song.

[Chorus last two lines.]

[At conolusion of singing, the fleet disappears.]

HANS—Now, Nimmelrod, what you dinks fun dot?

NIM—Very good, but where is all the navy you have been singing about.

HANS— [Looks around and the fleet has disappeared] Vel, by Jimminy, dot was a good joke anyhow—vel, anyvay dot vash just like Uncle Sam's navy—now you see it, unt now you don't see it.

NIM—When do you see it?

HANS—When a foe appears.

NIM—When don't you see it?

HANS—In time of peace, when there's no use for it. Then the tars disband. and work on shore. They think 'tis folly to loaf on board a ship, and thus the nation's vitals sip. Well, as the fleet has gone, we might as well go too, so we'll sing the hymn dedicated for dis place und den we'll get away to parts unknown to you, Nimmel. Come boys, let's gone away. [march.

[Saltey sings, all join chorus, sing and dance.]

Air—Isle of Blackwell.

O this is the place for a jolly, good lark.
Here's a dome for the bat and a lake for the shark,
A smooth place to dance, so we'll hoe it right down,
No distinction to color, whether red, black or brown,

So we'll hop it, or skip it or go as we please,
Lay down and roll, or creep on our knees,
Then we'll all depart to our mystic dell,
And what we do there, O we never will tell.

A jolly good time we will all have to-night,
Have fun in abundance, but nary a fight,
For Chrystal and Keni like nothing but mirth,
And a rumpus would send us all back to the earth.

So we'll hop it or skip it, or go as we please.
Lay down and roll, or creep on our knees,
Then we will depart to our mystic dell,
And what we do there, O we never will tell.

[All sing and dance off—L Upper Entrance. Scene
darkens.]

[Enter Mike and Biddy Malloy. Mike carrying lantern and small bundle—R U Entrance.]

MIKE—Be me sowl, I thou't I heard music hereabout.

BIDDY—Faith and ye did, too. I heard it, mesilf.

MIKE—Be me sowl ye'll not get me explorin caves
after this, for I believe the divil is takin me out of me
way, an I think I'll niver get out of this place anyway.

BIDDY—Mike, I can go no farther; I will have to lay
down and rest mesilf. O if I only had a pilley or a
shaif of straw itsilf I think I could lay down and sleep
widout rockin.

MIKE—Biddy, me darlint, I'll be a pilley for ye, me-
silf and I think I'll take a little nap at the same time
an if I niver wake up, be the powers I'll slape for iver.
Biddy, I've been so long in this place, I don't know
whether to say good-night or good-mornin to ye, be-
fore I go to slape.

BIDDY—I'll say good night to ye, anyway, and
pleasant dhreams, to ye.

[Mike lays down bundle under his head. Biddy lays
her head on Mike's breast, both go to sleep.
Scene slowly draws off.]

SCENE VI.

[SCENE. Phantom Chamber. Enter Vision—Walk to where Mike and Biddy are laying.]

VISION—I'm called Vision, because visions I cause.
That is my mission, it is one of nature's laws.
Oft' I cause anguish, tho' it causes me grief,
I am compelled so to do to a murderer or thief;
But to hearts like these, so honest and true,
A vision of happiness I'll call to their view,
Ireland, your home, now see in your dream,
Forget troubles that assail on life's turbulent stream.

[Wave wand, vision appears through gauze drop—the vision, interior of Irish cabin with parties at tables, smoking and drinking, one sings the song Cruisekeen Lawn—all jolly—after song, vision slowly disappears.]

[MIKE—Waking, yawning and singing Smiling Little Cruisekeen Lawn.]

BIDDY—[Wakes] Mike, what is the matter wid ye. What are ye singing about?

MIKE—O Biddy, me darlint, I was in ould Ireland five minutes ago.

BIDDY—O Mike, the purty dream I had, I was at yer father's house in ould Ireland, and yer brother, Ted, was singing the Cruisekeen Lawn. Faith, it's ringin in me ears yet.

MIKE—Ye was at me father's house was ye and heard me brother sing the Cruisekeen Lawn. Faith, there's where I was, mesilf, and the dream seems so real I can hardly believe I'm in this divil of a place. We'll have to get out of this place soon or we'll have to die here, as I have but one candle left.

BIDDY—Hark, what's that, faith, I heard voices somewhere beyant.

[Voices—this way. this way, we're on the right track]

MIKE—[Shouts] Hello. Come this way whoever ye are and I'll show ye a couple of Patlanders that's badly lost. Be the powers, if Ingersoll was here a week I think he'd change his moind, for this must be the intrance way to it.

[ENTER Buck with three or four rustics, carrying ropes and lanterns, one has a fiddle.]

BUCK—Well friends, what seems to be the difficulty?

PAT—Difficulty, difficulty is no name for it. I was just makin up me moind to die here.

BIDDY—O gintlemen, yez look like angels to us, de ye think we'll iver see daylight again.

BUCK—O, yes, I'll send one of these men to show you the way out. Here, Tom, go with these people and show them daylight.

MIKE—O, be me soul, gintlemen, I feel as sthiff as a sthake after bein in this place, I feel awful sthiff. Mr. de ye think that thing would do us any good. [Points to fiddle.]

BUCK—[Laughing] O yes, that's a bang up exercisin machine, warranted always to take the kinks out.

MIKE—O Biddy, de ye hear that, me darlint. Come Biddy, git the chill off ye [grasps Biddy] now go ahead wid yer kinking machine.

[Rustic plays gig, Mike and Biddy dance for dear life]

[At conclusion.]

MIKE—Well, gintlemen, I think we'll be goin. Heaven bless yez for yer kindness, and if I iver git out of this place again and iver feel curious I'll go up in a balloon. Faith ye'll not get me ixplorin holes as big as this agin.

[Takes Buck by the hand, Heaven bless ye, me friend, may yer life be long and happy.]

BIDDY—Thank yez, gintlemen [courteseying] Heaven bless yez. [Mike, Biddy and Tom exit—L U Ent.]

BUCK—[to his companions]—Well, we'll onward. Them folks has had picnic enough to last them some time. [Exit R U Ent.]

SCENE VII.

[Scene. Slow music. Giant's Hall. Comes on slow. Enter—Keni and Nimrod. R 2d Ent.]

KENI—Nimrod you visit us quite often since your discovery, our stalegmites, stalactites, chrystal lakes, cascades, etc., are very attractive to you I have no doubt.

NIM—Yes, they are attractive, indeed, but they are not what attracts me hither. You have one here in your gorgeous cavern domain. A fair one, more beautiful to me than all their gorgeous, glittering columns of emerald, amethyst, sapphire or diamonds. e'en were they illumined by the noonday sun.

KENI—Nimrod, pray tell me who this brilliant is, that so enchants your soul.

NIM—O it is ecstasy even to breathe her name—the name of her I adore is Chrystal.

KENI—Nimrod, your love is ardent, I've no doubt,
But how can you carry its cravings out!
Chrystal is a spirit and cannot wed
With a mortal whose spirit has not yet fled.

NIM—O then welcome death, I'd bear thy sting
In ecstasy, let my soul take wing,
O then to my Chrystal let me fly,
To mingle with spirits not to die.

KENI—Nimrod, I see you're in a pathetic state
So I'll retire and let you meditate,
And should the fair Chrystal your suit approve,
Then show her how ardent you can love. By by.
Aside—The poor boy is way off, Cupid shot him deep.
[Exit L H 2d Ent.]

[Nim standing near centre stage, meditating, hand
on forehead. Scene moves off slowly.]

SCENE VIII.

[Scene Grotto. Gause drop. Chrystal behind gauze]

NIM—O this feeling will drive me frantic. Chrystal,
O, where art thou, dearest, let me once more gaze on
thine angelic form and speak one word of love to thee

[Show Chrystal through gauze. Nim remains stand-
ing, back to Chrystal. Chrystal sings.]
Chrystal's song—Air, Flee as a Bird.]

Grieve not, brave son of the mountain,
For one that adores thee is near.
Go drink from our pure chrystal fountain,
Thy anguish will soon disappear.

Go drink of its water, it will cheer thee,
And those that you love will be near thee,
Then speak and the loved ones will hear thee.
And calm your gloomy fear,
And calm your gloomy fear.

Grieve not, brave son of the mountain,
Dispel all your anguish and fear,
Haste to the clear flowing fountain,
There drink and joy will appear.

Go drink of its water, it will cheer thee,
And those that you love will be near thee,
Then speak and the loved ones will hear thee,
And calm your gloomy fear.
And calm your gloomy fear.

[Chrystal disappears.]

NIM—[Turns around, after Chrystal's disappearance, looks bewildered] O, that voice, that angelic voice, it is indeed of heaven, O that my soul was free that I could always follow thee. [Exit L Ent.]

[Darken down, take up gause drop, show cavern backing. Enter Seth and Sam, 3d Ent. R H, Sam carries lantern.]

SETH—Come on Sam, ye tarnal foolish nigger, I'll be darned if I'll ever explore this hole agin with a darned foolish nigger, that imagins the devil is ketchin him every minnit.

[Sam jumping, and cutting all sorts of antics—awfully frightened.]

SAM—O, Massa Seth, did ye see it.

[Hideous gnomes appearing to Sam—Seth not seeing them—they appear and disappear to Sam.]

O, Massa, fust a red one, then a green one, O, dare dey is agin. O O, de Lord save us.

SETH—[Turns around, sees one of the genii] Well, by Chowder, there's sumthin in Sam's imagination arter all. Here, young feller (speaking to Genii) hop out and let's see what kind of a critter ye are, anyhow

(Genil jumps out and stands, Sam sticks close to Seth awfully frightened.)

SETH—Well you are the queerest looking furiner I ever seed, by Chowder.

GENII—We are not foreigners [a dozen gnomes from every direction assemble around Sam and Seth.]

SETH—If you are not furiners, I'd like to see the colors you fly.

GENII—Yes? here it is (showing American flag) they are gay and warranted not to run.

SETH—Well, by gimminy, who'd a thunk it.
I heard it floated on every sea,
But to see it here, well, that beats me,
But why do so many of you here assemble?
See, you frighten Sam, just see him tremble.
[Pointing to Sam]

GENI—Yes when a darkey is frightened you soon can tell. However, they say, the colored troops did fight well.

SETH—Well, what do you do here to pass the time away—if you didn't do something to keep yer blood in circulation, I should think ye'd all ketch yer death a cold.

GENI—Well, you'r just in time to see, so stay I advise
And see Columbia give us our exercise.
We march and dance and merrily sing,
And your Sam can cut the pigeon wing.
In many sports we do engage,
The same as on a theatre stage.
But as you gaze on us, you must not feel
That we are like them. No, we are really real,
So step aside (pushes Seth), be of good cheer,
Our music comes, its strains I hear.

(Distant music, nearer, nearer, until Columbia enters with her retinue—music slow, Star Span. Ban., all march down stage and halt—then change appearance of dress and strike up Hail Columbia and march again—at conclusion of march half on each side of stage. Columbia, Chrystal and Viola seated on grotto throne, back stage.)

COLUMBIA—I see we have strange guests here to-night

(Looking at Seth and Sam)

They are welcome—to entertain is our delight.

SETH—(Stepping from side of stage, bowing to Columbia) Thank you for your kindness, Miss Columbia. I have often heard of you, but always thought you a myth. I am pleased to see Miss Columbia a reality. I am, by Chowder.

COL—Thank you. Please be seated in our, to you, mystic dell: see and hear all you can, but do not tell.

(Seth goes to grotto seat, the sports begin.)

[Here introduce any kind of business, at conclusion Columbia and retinue march off.]

SCENE IX.

(Scene. Darken down.

Enter Nim and Hans.)

HANS—Vell, Nimelrods, we sthicks together quite a good deal since you first come down here to ketch de rabbit. You don't ketch him yet, I dink he wash took a good many moonlight excursions since dot time (laughing), sometime you must set a shnare for him, den you ketch him sure (laughing).

NIM—I don't know about that; one thing is very certain, he set a snare for me; and I am completely wound up in it.

HANS—Yes, you wash ketched good enough. I told you who set de shnare mid de rabbit—it was Keni, he had to do dot, so you found out de cave out, so ven you found it out you tell everybody unt den dose shmart peoples dot dinks dey know evryting, found it out dot dey don't know evryting, by Jimminy.

NIM—True, man don't know everything. As Shakespeare truly says, there is more in heaven and earth than was ever dreamed of in man's philosophy.

HANS—Who said dot?

NIM—Shakespeare, the immortal bard of Avon.

HANS—Vot avenue, Avenue A, I dinks.

NIM—No, Stratford-upon-Avon, a place in England.

HANS—O, I thought you was talking about some Dutchman, vot lives in Avenue A, in Ni Yorik; you wash never in Ni Yorik, I dinks, dot wash a bully place, blenty sourkrout, blenty bad Dutchmans. O dot Ni Yorik wash a great blace, plenty bretzels, plenty lager beer, five cents for a schooner. You never eat sourkrout, I dinks.

NIM—No, I never did.

HANS—O, dot wash bully, I told you all about it.

Song—Music, Hoist up the flag.

HANS - Sourkrout is healthy, it's delicious for to take
A Dutchman he will eat it till it makes his stomach
ache.

He will eat it with his lager with the greatest of ease,
And now and den he takes a bite of sweet Limburger
cheese.

Yes, sourkrout is bully, dot every Dutchman knows,
And if a Yankee smell of dot it made him a sore nose.

Sourkrout is maked from a cabbage dot is ripe,
A Dutchman he must make it while he's smokin a pipe
And when he gets it chopped up fine he puts it in a cellar
There he lets it stand and smell till it cant smell any
smeller.

Yes, sourkrout is bully, dot every Dutchman knows,
And if a Yankee shmell of dot it make him a sore nose.

Sourkrout is healthy, dots vot every Dutchman dinks,
Some folks say it is not good and make believe it
sthinks,

Dey say dey cannot eat it, ven dey try it smart dare eyes
But a Dutchman he can eat it till the very day he dies
Yes, sourkrout is bully, dot every Dutchman knows,
And if a Yankee shmell of dot it make him a sore nose.

HANS - (slaps Nim on shoulder) Nimmel I dinks you
like some sourkrout, it makes you feel like anoder man

NIM—Yes and from description smell like another
man, too.

HANS—Nimmel I dinks you wash going back on me,
because I wash a German, aint it?

NIM—O no, not at all. I am cosmopolitan in my
ideas; everyone to their tastes, it wouldn't do for all to
think the same.

HANS—No by Jiminy, if dot wash sount if everybody
wash like you, dere would be a big crowd after Chryst-
tal. Hey, Nimmel!

NIM. I could not blame them (Nim walking back
stage.)

HANS—Vell, Nimmel, I must gone away, I see you
by and by (aside) when I see him again he will be
one of us. He little thinks how near he is to that bourne
from which dey say no traveler comes back. [exit.]

NIM—(Walking slowly down stage) Well this is a
strange place indeed to be so infatuated with, but I
cannot rest until I have seen the whole of this world
of beauty here below.

CHRY. Here, with friends from every clime—
Here, with friends all just and true
That have here assembled to welcome you.
So, welcome Nimrod, and happy be
Through all the great eternity.

NIM O Chrystal, this is heavenly bliss,
Thy virgin brow pray let me kiss,
Death had its horrid pang, 'twas true,
But many such I'd feel for you.

CHRY. Nimrod allow me to lead thee to a regal seat
Where Æolian strains your ears will greet,
You'll find harmony reigns in our chrystal cave,
You'll find it a heaven—not a grave..

(Chrys leads Nim and Viola to seat on chrystal throne
Here have march of fairies, gnomes, etc., after
which introduce variety business, then all march
off. This to be arranged at conclusion of business.

SCENE X.

[Scene darkens, very dark back stage. Enter Count de
Buskin, teacher of dramatic art, queer make-up]

BUSKIN—O what serene solitude is here, O, what a
place for the inspiration of the soul to ooze out its
spontaneous creations. Buskin, here you must halt,
and exclaim "Thus 'far in the bowels of the earth,
without impediment." O this is the place that Mac-
beth would be apt to exclaim 'is that a dagger I see
before me?'

(Here Nemo, a sprite, shows himself, up and behind wing, Buskin not seeing him, when Buskin exclaims Is that a dagger I see before me, Nemo gives him an awful whelt on the head with bladder on stick. Strikes him 2 or 3 times

NEMO. You call dot a dagger, aint it (dodges back)

BUSKIN. Be thou goblin damned or any other man, snow thyself and I 'll combat with thee.

NEMO. You want to fight, aint it? take dot and dot (striking twice in quick succession; dodging out of sight again.)

BUSKIN. Well. that is very queer (looking around). There is nothing visible; it must be the cavern bats.

(Enter Nemo with banjo or guitar, 1st Ent., L H.)

BUSKIN. Well, sir, your appearance does not frighten me. Who and what are you? Speak! I charge thee, speak! (Striking comic attitude.)

NEMO. You want me to say someting, aint it? Vell old feller, how how you was? (Going to Buskin and shaking his hand.)

NEMO. Ven I come here you was talkin mit some one, who wash dot?

BUSKIN. You did hear me talking, I was merely soliloquising. I was but giving vent to the promptings of my inmost soul, when all at once a cavern bat flew against me with such force, it nearly sent me sprauling flat.

NEMO. (Aside) Well, by Jiminy, dot was fun, he don't know de difference fun a bladder and a bat, next time I hit him mit a brick bat, den he told de difference, I bet you.

BUSKIN. By appearance, I should judge you was a musician.

NEMO. O yes I make moosic. I show you what I done.

(Nemo picks jig on banjo, by degrees Buskin dances and finally goes in red hot, the power of music is too much for him.)

BUSKIN. Hold on my friend, hold on, you'll be the death of me, hold on (grasping banjo), if you knew my feelings, and the respectability of my family connections, you'd desist. (Nemo lets up on him.)

NEMO. Vot kiud of feller you was anyhow? You can't stand a little dance like dot.

BUSKIN. A dance like that, why that's a common jig. Why that's music for a hamfatter. I want something more refined. Polka music or something of the kind. Remember, I'm an actor.

NEMO. Vell, now I play you someting, yust see how you like dis.

(Plays and sings, Emmet style. Buskin making gestures all the while.) At conclusion

BUSKIN. Ah, that's the kind of song and dance,
That does a mortal's soul entrance,
It sets our kindly feelings all aglow,
It makes it heaven here below.

NEMO. (To Buskin) Now, Billy Shakespeare, just give me a sample of your acting, this is just the place to try the strength of your lungs.

BUSKIN. My friend I will give thee a few imitations of some of the eminent actors (imitate or give something original, after which) Well now my friend I'll away to the upper earth—I must say this place has many charms, it's almost like a heaven.

NEMO. O yes dis was heaven, some folks tink heaven wash high up; not altogether so, I told you where heaven is, where peace, love and harmony dwell; no matter where, there is heaven. But where treachery vice and all wickedness thrive there is——Well Bob Ingersoll says there's no such place: but you can bet there's where all the cremating is done.

BUSKIN. Well, be that as it may
I suppose we'll know at some future day.

NEMO. Yes they say actors chances are always bright
Their mission is to light up the moon and hang out
stars at night.

BUSKIN. Well, my worthy friend I'll now away,
I'll call again some future day.

NEMO. Yah, dot is right; come just one week from
to-day, den we have one bully time. Chrystal she gits
married mid Nimelrods. Den we have one grand gala
day.

O den we'll make dose caverns ring,
We'll dance and march and merry sing.
Each nymph will glide on chrystal lake,
Each fairy then her wand will take
To summon friends from every land
To join our jovial happy band.

BUSKIN. Well, farewell. Adieu, adieu. (exit)

NEMO. By by, Billy, look out for the bats. Well before I go I'll yust try dis music once more unt I play someting vot nobody ever heard before (looking all around).

[Sings—Pinafore music.]

When I was a boy, in New York I dwelt,
And queer inclinations I oft-times felt.
I sold newspapers from door to door
And when there was an extra how I would roar.
I roared so loud and cheerfulee,
That now I am the ruler of the whole navee.

(Several gnomes at conclusion of verse run him off with bladders.)

SCENE XI.

(Scene. Cavern Sentinel and spectre. Enter Tom leading little Stella by the hand.)

TOM. Come on, my little one, this is the place vare the sun wont 'urt yer hies. Hey, me coves (speaking to his pals.)

DICK. (One of the pals) Not a bit, hif ve holl stay ear a veeke we'll ave hies like a howl.

TOM. (Looking at Stella) Singing (Cracksmen's song)

O wouldent your daddy like to know
Laddy, faddy, wack, fal laddy, I O.
Where his—pretty little kid did go.
O, yes, I know, he'd like to know
(Chorus all) Laddy faddy wack fal laddy I O.

O, this is the place to keep the swag

Laddy, faddy, wack, fal laddy I O.

It beats a bank or a leather bag

And its safe from the clutch of any old hag

(Chor. last line.) Laddy, faddy, wack, fal laddy, I O.

(Here numerous gnomes come in behind the ruffians
and sing with them. But invisible to them.
At conclusion of song—

TOM. By thunder, by the heco ere ye'd think there
was a hundred a pals a singing. Ay, but this is a rum
place.

(Tom looking at Stella.)

TOM. Vell, me liltle one, don't ye feel fraid, down
ere?

STELLA. O no, not in the least. I do not feel so
much so now as I did before we came in here. I feel
now as if there was good guardian angels all about
me. Every little while I see the shadowy form of a
beautiful lady. O she looks like a bright angel. O
how beautiful.

TOM. Vot do you know about hangels?

STELLA. When I used to pray, my Ma used to tell
me all about the angels, and said if I was good I
would see them sometime. So I try to be good and I
know I will see them, because my Ma said so.

TOM. That's hall himagination, my little one.
There's no hangels ere. Hay, me pals?

(DICK. (and all laugh)—Nary ha hangel.

TOM. Never mind, me little one, ye'll see yer Mammy to-morey, if the reward is alright (Tom looking around) Ho me pals, but this is a rum place for a cracksman. I'll take the swag and 'ide it ere (take box, carry it off, others follow him. L H, 3d Ent.)

(Leave Stella standing.)

[VIOLA. Beckons to Stella. Stella goes to her.
Exit Rt. 3d Ent.]

(Tom and companions return. Stella has gone.)

TOM. By St. Paul, me coves, the kid's skipped or some bleedin hallegater has heat her hup. Come, me pals, we'll hafter her. (Exit R H 4th Ent.)

(Enter Viola and Stella 3d R. H.)

VIOLA. My little friend, you are now free from those wicked men.

STELLA. O yes, they are so wicked, they curse so awfully. O, they are so very wicked.

VIOLA. Yes and they shall be punished for their wickedness. We will cause them to be so bewildered that when they see the light of day again they will barely have life in them, crime cannot escape its reward. Come with me, my dear child, and you shall see your good Ma before the setting of the sun.

STELLA. O thank you, you are so good. You are not a stranger to me. I have often seen you in my dreams, and when I came here I felt that you was near. [Looking around] Do you not feel lonely in this place?

VIOLA. O no not in the least, here we always feel anxiety for others, such as you, that occupy our thoughts, and as for scenes, you must not form an opinion from this dreary looking cavern. This is a spot that wickedness selects for its vile work. But here, as in the upper world, we have our dark and bright spots; I will illustrate. Here, Stella, is a few bright spots.

[This is so and so, showing several beautiful cavern scenes and commenting on them. At conclusion Exit R. H.]

SCENE XII.

[Scene. Bridal Chamber. Church music. Grotto Altar.]

[Procession enter through centre opening behind altar. March down stage both sides. Chrystal and Nimrod carried in grotto palanquin to foot lights, then turn and go up stage. Procession follow to altar.]

[The ceremony is performed by Keni.]

THE CEREMONY.

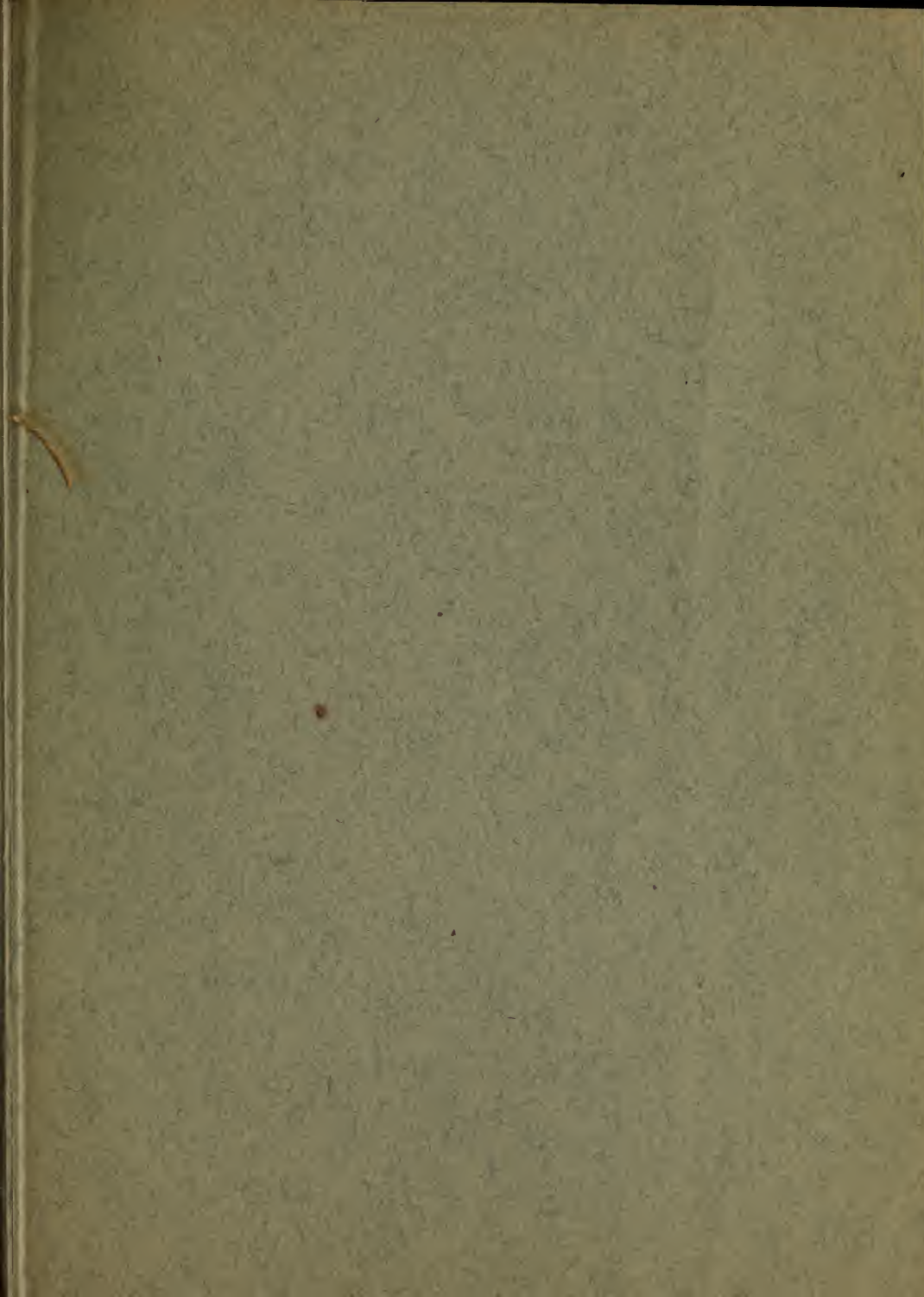
KENI. Nimrod and Chrystal, you have come here to-night.

With retinue whose faces all beam with delight.
Your vows will be mutual, your loves ardent and true
Your friends sanction the union because they love you
You will please join your hands, this wreath is the ring
The angels will witness—the seraphs will sing,
And as spirits of Luray we all feel delight,
And hallow the work of the gods here to-night.
Heaven bless you. (Crown Chrystal with wreath.)

(After the ceremony. Grand march or any business which may be chosen for a grand finale.)
(At conclusion—Keni step to footlights.)

KENI. Now kind friends, as it is getting late,
We'll let our festivities here terminate,
And we'll each return to our cavern home,
And in dreamland let our fancies roam.
And to our mortal friends here let me add,
Always be good and shun that is bad.
Now may you all depart to a happy home
As brilliant as any Luray dome.
To see all happy is our delight,
Adieu, kind friends, good night. *good night.*

(CURTAIN.)



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